The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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MONDAY, MAY 30, 1910.

THEY ARE MARCHING TO-DAY.

"They come, beloved ones, from the distant shore,
Where joy illumes with golden rays,
And softly in each sorrowing heart they pour
Sweet mem'ries of departed days."

So read the words of the old song that has carried many of us back to "the brave days of old," the days "when you and I were young, Maggie," when life was worth living, when "the despot's heel was on thy shore, Maryland, my Maryland," and when some of the older set thought that they would all go home to the tune, "the girl I left behind me."

The days of 1861 were brave days. Everywhere throughout this country men were rallying to the flag, and the women, God bless their souls! were cheering them on to do their duty. The civilization of the country was in peril. The Government which our fathers founded was threatened with destruction, and out from their scabbards leaped ten thousand swords for the defence of principle. The storm has long since passed; the fields once reddened with the blood of our sires are carpeted now with green, and to-day, all over this land, men and women intermit their daily vocations to pay tribute to the men who fought for independence. The victors and the vanquished meet once more, not to renew the strife which ceased more than a generation ago, but to bestow some kindly thought upon the dead who lie all about us. It is a holy thing to remember the dead, to remind ourselves that we are because they were; that we have nothing worth while that we did not get from them; that we are but pensioners upon the bounty of their sacrifices for right.

To-day, from mountain and valley, from hill and plain, from well-kept city cemeteries and from country graveyards all overgrown with weeds and grass, and from unmarked graves all over this land, they come trooping before us, these hosts in gray, with guns no longer in their hands, but with the peace that passeth all understanding in their hearts, to remind us that we have a heritage of honor which we were false to forget. Here they come, with Robert Edward Lee, riding on old "Traveller," at the head of the column, and with Stonewall Jackson at his side, Joseph E. Johnston, and Albert Sidney Johnston, and "Old Jube" Early, and Joe Wheeler, and Wade Hampton, and J. E. B. Stuart, and Fitz Lee, and "Rooney" and the rest—a noble army of the greatest soldiers who ever fought for a just cause, with their shadowy columns tramping on behind, all dressed in gray, just men made perfect; trooping from their bivouacs on Fame's eternal camping-ground to be with us on this holy day, when, with flowers and songs and speech and prayer, we thank the God of battles that such men lived and died for us and for the right.

All of us remember how "Surrey of Eagle's Nest" saw them as in a vision; that in the sweep of the storm through the forests he knew that Jackson was advancing, that A. P. Hill was coming up, that "Mordaunt" and "Fenwick" were instinct with life again, and how, overwhelmed with the joy of conflict, he reached out his hand for the sabre on the wall to find that it was all a dream. A dream? Yes, but a dream which has filled the earth with the deeds of the Immortals.

"Stoop, angels from the skies,
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned."

WHEN WAR SHALL BE NO MORE.

Herbert Maxim, who has made all sorts of death-dealing weapons, has been dipping into the future, and has been dreaming of a day when his own artillery shall be impotent. Old ways are passing, he says, and old methods of warfare are dying out. Before another generation forts shall be silent, boundary lines shall be of no more importance in war, even the Dreadnoughts, for which tax-payers are bleeding, shall be drawn ashore as useless and worthless.

The flying machine, according to Maxim, is to bring about this great change in the ways of warfare, and is to hasten the day when war shall be no more. The aeroplane and the dirigible, sent by an enemy over hostile countries, will make the problem of defense altogether different, and will carry the battles of the nations into the skies. High above the earth motor-driven soldiers will do their fighting or will hurl their explosives to the ground, defying nature and achieving the impossible.

Allowing for Mr. Maxim's vivid imagination, the world may well pray that his dream may come true. Our hope of peace is in the very awfulness of war. When genius shall have invented new flying machines, and when high power explosives and long range guns shall have made war destruction, then the nations must cease from battle. Peace congresses may do much, and international arbitration will do more, but universal fear will do still more to stop the senseless flow of blood.

CONGRESS IS DEAD-LOCKED.

Dispatches from Washington printed this morning in The Times-Dispatch indicate that Congress is in the midst of a dead-lock, the like of which has not been seen in many years. Militant Insurgents, or Progressives, as they call themselves, old-line Democrats and the Republican Regulars all have their plans, but are unable to carry them out. The railroad bill is tied up; the conservation measures, which have been in abeyance since the days of Roosevelt, the much-postponed Statehood bills and the postal savings bank measure are all on the calendar, but that is all. Congress seems powerless to act on them, and nobody cares whether a vote is reached or not.

It seems not improbable that the railroad bill may be squeezed through by the united efforts of the Regulars and of a few stragglers from the Democratic ranks, but its final form is still uncertain. The Brown merger amendment, which was thrown on the track when the party engine was puffing away on the road to legal enactment, must be passed on, one way or the other, before the final vote can be taken, and upon its fate will depend, in large measure, the form of the bill. Brown's amendment, according to our dispatches, is about the stiffest thing that has yet been introduced, and undoes everything the railroad Senators, under Elkins, have done in the last two weeks. The Regulars have hopes of defeating it, but their uncertainty is shown in their unwillingness to make any predictions as to when the vote will be taken.

After the railroad bill becomes law, there is still greater doubt as to what will be taken up next. The men who have been bringing the petitions of Arizona and New Mexico to Congress for ten years are clamoring for a hearing, but their cry is being drowned by the Insurgents, who are pleading that the conservation measure be given the right of way. At the same time, the Insurgents are waiting for the civil appropriations bill to come up, in hopes of making campaign material by another attempt to form an effective tariff commission, and a few Democrats are preparing to thunder their denunciation of the Aldrich abomination when this bill is under consideration.

While the Senate is thus diverting itself, the House is at a standstill. The only "Administration measure," so called, on its calendar is the postal savings bank bill, over which the Republican caucus has been growling and fighting for three nights. It is a hard bone to gnaw, and there is so little respect for its provisions that nobody took the trouble to insert any provision in the appropriation bill for the inauguration of the system. Here, as elsewhere, the Republicans are doing more talking than acting, and are not in the least concerned about the fate of this much-vaunted offspring of the late presidential campaign.

There is, of course, a vast deal of marking time about the refusal of Congress to act, for some of the Senators and many of the Representatives are so uneasy for their seats that they are avoiding entanglements; yet it is perfectly obvious that they could not make laws if they would. No party has the desire to act; but none has the power if it had the desire. Everybody is watching everybody else, and keeps still for fear the other fellow may move.

We suppose there is no great objection to this. An inactive Congress is generally a safe Congress, and a quiet Republican majority is the one which will do the country the least possible harm. Still, if this state of affairs is to keep up indefinitely, and if nothing is to be done, what is the sense in prolonging the session? The people do not care, and Washington is a fearfully hot place to live. We suggest that Congress take a rest and that its Republican members pack up their belongings and surrender their Washington leases.

HOW ABOUT THE FIGHT?

The great fight is but little more than a month off, and its approach is raising to fever heat the sporting blood of devotees of the ring from Melbourne to Liverpool. Scarcely a day passes but the Sporting Editor of this paper is asked for his confidential opinion as to the outcome of the fight, and even those of us whose pursuits lie in less militant fields of journalism are besieged with inquiries as to the chances of the two men, the probable length of the fight and the prospect that the fight will be "framed up" before the gong sounds.

The impression seems to be prevailing that the negro Johnson is gaining in strength, while Jeffries, the ex-champion, is not measuring up to the requirements. The news which comes from the latter's camp gives perhaps an over-cheerful picture of the situation, though it intimates what many suspect. When aroused and really interested in a sparring match, Jeffries is his old-time self; at other times he is sluggish and takes more delight in foot races and swimming than in the exercise of the squared circle. The negro is gaining every day. He is in his prime, while Jeffries, apparently, is beginning to go down grade. He has plenty of "steam," as the sportsmen call it; is anxious to fight, is confident and is beginning to train hard. Jeffries has had his battles, and has won his name as a bruiser; the negro has still to show, by a stiff fight with a heavyweight master of the art that he is made of championship stuff. The issue will therefore depend largely upon Jeffries's feelings at the time and his "staying power" in a long fight.

We have expressed the hope, and we repeat it now, that the negro will send Jeffries to the sawdust before the fight has gone the limit, and hope this, not because we want to see a negro champion, but because a white man who will fight with a negro, unless he has to, should bite dirt and bite it deep. We hope, too, though we have little on which to base the hope, that this will be the last great ring encounter. It is a sorry sport, a depraving sport, and the sooner it is under the ban in every State the better for the country. At its best, it can serve no good purpose, and at its worst, it is wasteful, brutalizing, senseless, shameless and depraving.

TAKING HARMON'S MEASURE.

In an open letter addressed to Judson Harmon, of Ohio, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, observes: "This is a crisis which will show your size. Are you ready to have your measure taken?"

If we were Governor Harmon, we should reply: "I know it. Yes, I am ready to have my measure taken; but not by your yardstick."

Instead, however, Governor Harmon has "issued a statement," in which, while admitting that he would prefer to have United States Senators elected by popular vote, he mildly suggests that "in Ohio this year the sentiment among the Democrats has been that the matter should be left to the members of the Legislature and their constituents." In concluding his "statement," Governor Harmon says:

"Mr. Bryan's opinion is always entitled to the greatest respect, but I am confident that his long absence has made him unfamiliar with the present peculiar condition in Ohio, and that if he knew them as they are known here he would see the good policy of omitting the senatorship from consideration by the convention."

That looks as if Governor Harmon would like to say: "Please, Mr. Bryan, I agree with you; but you do not know how the Ohio Democrats feel about this matter, and I think that I should be guided as far as I may by their wishes touching the election of Senator. After this year, probably we may be able to show them that there is a better way than the way which has always been followed in this country, since the foundation of the Government. Please, Mr. Bryan, don't think hard of me."

We are disappointed; but "we never loved a tree or flower but what 'twas first to fade away." We have counted so confidently on Harmon. We hoped so hard that he would take the party away from the domination of Mr. Bryan, and here we have him saying, in effect, please, Mr. Bryan. Confound Mr. Bryan!

CURTISS "FLYING SOME."

The Wright brothers will have to return to the fourth groove and take a place dangerously close to the wings after Glenn H. Curtiss's flight yesterday from Albany to New York. The rival of the Ohio brothers has the centre of the stage, and he deserves the spotlight. He has the applause of the whole country, $10,000 of Don Seitz's good money and a great deal of free advertising as a solace for the patent suits that went against him and as balm for his failure in other contests.

Curtiss was certainly "flying some," as they say in Charlotte. He made the trip from Albany to New York in two hours and thirty-two minutes, and stopped only once on the way. The journey was 137 miles in length, and he made it in 152 minutes, without a mishap and without the least injury to his motor. The distance from Albany to Poughkeepsie—seventy-four miles—he covered in eighty-three minutes, or at a rate of more than fifty miles the hour. This is a record of its kind, and the flight was in every respect the equal of those made by Bleriot, Paulhan and De Lesseps.

Curtiss must enjoy his fame and his money while he has them, for some one will come along in the next few months and beat his record. These are the days of the flyers, and every month witnesses some new conquest of the air. What one does well to-day another will do better to-morrow, and what Curtiss does so excellently, somebody else is sure to excel before his laurels have withered.

"BELONGS TO CONNECTICUT."

Several months ago Major Charles E. Hooks, a member of General Hawley's regiment, died. He was a doorkeeper on the gallery floor of the Senate at Washington. Hawley was for many years United States Senator from Connecticut, although a native of North Carolina, and he was a very good Senator, in spite of his politics. Major Hooks, as we have noted, fought with Hawley on the wrong side; but he fought, and there was a good deal of merit in that. He is dead now, and the place he filled at Washington is vacant. It is worth $1,140 the year and is practically for life. It belongs, we are told by the Washington correspondent of the Hartford Courant, to Connecticut, "and a Connecticut man could have it if Bulkeley would say the word." Bulkeley is a candidate for re-election to the Senate, having forgotten all about his pledges not to be a candidate for another term, and it looks as if Bulkeley is holding the appointment back for political purposes.

The little job in Washington is the sort of "pie" that might help some in his campaign for a continuance of his services in the Senate. There are so many of his constituents, however, who would take it, that he probably feels some delicacy in choosing among them. It is said by the poet that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," but that was before the spoils of office were the stakes at hazard, and Bulkeley is wise in his generation. It would be better for him to explain that he will leave the selection of the doorkeeper of the Senate gallery until after the election. In the meantime, he could make each of the applicants for the position believe that he is Bulkeley's first choice, even as he made McLean and McLean's friends believe that he would get out of the way for McLean in the present race for the Senate. If he could fool them as readily as he fooled McLean, he would again prove his shrewdness as a practical politician.

THE BOLL WEEVIL IN GEORGIA.

The State Entomologist of Georgia predicts that within three years the boll weevil will invade Georgia, and The Constitution, protesting against "even a temporary laxity of restrictions" in the quarantine against the dreaded insect, fears that the farmers of Georgia have not been "properly aroused to the seriousness of a menace so slightly removed." Making normal crops for so many years "with the casual intervention of only the ordinary insect foes," our contemporary feels that "it is difficult for them to mentally visualize a condition that will revolutionize the conditions now controlling the production of cotton." In line with the consensus of scientific opinion that "cultural methods offer the most hopeful manner of combatting this predatory insect," the Constitution is disposed to favor "such radical introduction of diversification as will not only minimize the ravages of the approaching evil, but as well buttress the South's wealth-making capacity in a dozen other directions." That seems to be sound, even if it is not quite clear. Nothing could be clear in the Constitution's waste of words.

GOOD LUCK, MR. CARPENTER.

The resignation of Private Secretary Carpenter is to be regretted. He is a fine fellow, of large capacity and great industry. He is not Dan Lamont, because there was never but one Dan Lamont, and he could not stand as much punishment as Loeb, because he is not physically as fit as Loeb; but he has done his work well, and upon entering the diplomatic service, for which he is well equipped, he deserves the thanks and congratulations of the country for his patience under many afflictions and his admirable conduct in a most embarrassing and thankless position.

WRITTEN ON THE WALL.

Commander Peary wrote his name on the wall of the Savage Club, in London, Saturday night, when a dinner was given in his honor. Nansen, Scott and Shackleton had previously written their names on the wall, and Peary is in good company. But one name, that of the only Original Discoverer of the North Pole, is not there. Perhaps he will write it when he gets back from Etah.

This is a strange way of doing. Nearly every boy in the United States has at one time or another written his name on the wall; but we did not know that it was a habit of the scientists to do the same thing. At Heidelburg the keeper of the students' club delights to show visitors the name of the great Bismarck cut into the table from which he used to drink lager beer, and many a beautiful sycamore tree in our own country has been spoiled with the names of silly young folk who have carved their names in the bark, oftentimes inclosed in a heart-shaped design, and there forever to confuse them when things do not turn out exactly as they expected in their first excess of emotion. We are delighted, however, that Commander Peary has been recognized in this way by the Savage Club.

THE BIG HAT DOOMED.

The saddest news, to womankind at least, that has flashed across the cable since King Edward died, came yesterday in the reports that big hats have been banned in London. Now that the nation has put on mourning, the women of the island find that the storekeepers were not prepared for such a tremendous demand for large black hats, and consequently cannot supply what every woman wants. In sheer desperation, the women have chosen to follow the fashion of mourning rather than the fashion of dress, and are now venturing into Hyde Park with small black turbans that seem sadly out of place after the umbrella creations of the winter.

It appears, too, that other nations are engaging in a fight against the monster hats that threatens the banishment of this millinery. The French clergy is weary of surveying a half-acre of hats from its pulpit without seeing a man's face between, and is denouncing the inflated millinery in round terms. In Italy the reformers are attacking not only the great hats, but the great coiffures that go with them. Of course, here in Richmond every woman has enough hair—real hair—to meet the demands of any hat, great or small, but it appears that the unfortunate daughters of Rome, in their determination to fill a bushel hat with hair, have been using what does not belong to them. Graves have been looted and corpses have been shaved before they were cold to meet the demands of the day. A vigorous protest has been made against the whole business, and Parliament has been petitioned to levy a special tax on hats and hair.

This latter procedure strikes us as a bad way of banishing the hats. Once the good women of Rome—not those of Richmond, God bless them!—are sure that they will have to pay a duty on their hats and their "rats," there will be a still greater demand for them. Their ownership will be a new token of wealth and standing. So far as that is concerned, however, the crusade need not have begun. The big hat will pass of its own accord, as thousands have passed before. Our good women will weary of their burden, and tire of straining their necks to avoid collisions; they will grow weary of the out-worn novelty and will come back to earth, so to say. They always do it, and here in Richmond they do it more graciously and more readily than anywhere else in Christendom.

A CONSTRICTED "PIVOTAL THOROUGHFARE."

It will be gratifying to many persons in Virginia to know that all is not lost in Atlanta. Plans of improving Marietta Street are now under consideration. Marietta Street is the "pivotal thoroughfare" of the town, as we are assured by The Constitution, and property holders are urged to "co-operate to the end of widening the street simultaneously with its complete repaving." There appears to be a good deal in that suggestion; for "from Foundry Street to the city limit it is one of the most constricted streets in the city, imposing conditions that penalize traffic and commerce." It is hoped that immediate response will be made to this appeal for co-operation. With many "potentially cracked wheels" on the railroad engines in Georgia, and murder, unafraid and insolent, at the elbows, and such constriction in the pivotal thoroughfare of the town that it penalizes traffic and commerce, it is clear that something must be done and done quickly if Atlanta is to be saved.

NOT THE ONLY CAUSE.

Like the loyal Democrat the editor of the Virginian-Pilot is, he is not inclined to admit that the over-supply of gold is responsible for high prices, and he fears we have been led to that opinion by the advocates of protection. He does not see how gold can be responsible for high prices when, as he thinks, the money-market shows no signs of uneasiness, and when the prices of commodities are higher in this country than they are in territory immediately adjoining us.

Our friend need not be disturbed. We are alive to the wiles of the enemy and know how readily they will blame high prices on anything but the tariff. In this case, they are particularly cunning because there is some truth in what they argue. Unless we very much mistake the signs of the times, there is an over-supply of gold, not only in America, but all over the world. Those symptoms of over-abundant gold which have been familiar since the days of Adam Smith are witnessed in every land. Commodities are higher, the world over, than they have been for years, and this can only be the case where there is more gold than the industries and commerce of the world can absorb.

Yet there are other reasons back of this,—reasons which prove the truth of all that our contemporary says about prices in adjoining countries, but which likewise disprove what he says about the gold supply. We are paying more than Canada is paying for commodities, to be sure, but Canada is paying more than it ever paid before. It is suffering from an over-supply of gold, and we are suffering from the same cause and from the robbery of a protective tariff. The latter is the worse of the two.

Why is it that the singers in so many choirs will not sing the words of the anthems and the hymns so that the audience and the worshippers can hear what they are singing about? An occasional "rejoice," "rejoice in the Lord," or whatever it is, would be understandable if the singers would only make it clear what particular thing they would like to "rejoice" about.

There was never a more beautiful day, since the difficulty in the Garden of Eden, than yesterday in Richmond. Bright sunshine, cool air, gentle zephyrs, lovely women, manly men, appetizing churches filled with devout worshippers—"a day's march nearer home."

Even Cone Johnson could be good on a day like yesterday in Richmond. They don't have anything like it in Texas; but that is no reason why Cone should not make his fight to the end. If he shall be turned down in his race for Governor of the Lone Star State, and we do not see how that is possible, in view of the powerful support he is receiving from the Houston Post, we do not care for him in Richmond; but he can go back to his native home in North Carolina and welcome.

The Chicago Tribune is wasting its money in telegraph tolls. The other day it printed a dispatch from Cleveland saying that the Republican convention in his home district had failed to endorse Dick for re-election to the United States Senate; but what difference does that make? Who is Dick, anyhow? Besides, the Tribune ought to wait until Lorimer gets through with it. Newspapers, like freight cars, can be overloaded.

President Taft will attend Decoration Day ceremonies in New York to-day, and will probably pay his own railroad fare. He will witness the march of the veterans past the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument on Riverside Drive; but the chances are that he will not repeat the speech he made about General Grant at that point about two years ago. It was one of the best speeches, however, that he ever made.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Midsummer Day Celebration.

Please give me the correct date for midsummer day, which, I think, is an old feast day on the calendar. When is it celebrated? A READER.

Midsummer day is a feast of the nativity of John the Baptist, and is now celebrated June 24. In the days of old England, July 7 was midsummer day.

Day of Birth.

I was born March 16, 1890. Will you please tell me what day of the week it was? ANXIOUS.

Sunday.

North and South America.

To settle a bet, will you please tell me whether North America is larger than South America or not? M. T.

South America is larger, its area being 6,837,000 square miles, while the area of North America is 6,446,000 square miles.

Our National Flag.

Please give me some facts regarding the various forms of the national flag. A CITIZEN.

The official flag of the United States bears forty-six white stars in a blue field, arranged in six rows—the first, third, fourth and sixth rows having eight stars each, and the other two rows seven stars each. The garrison flag of the army is made of bunting, thirty-six feet fly and twenty feet hoist; thirteen stripes, and in the upper quarter next the staff is the field of "union" of stars equal to the number of States on blue field, over one-third length of the flag, extending to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top. The storm flag is twenty feet by ten feet, and the recruiting flag nine feet nine inches by four feet four inches. The "American Jack" is the "union" or blue field of the flag. The revenue marine service flag, authorized by act of Congress, March 2, 1799, was originally prescribed to "consist of sixteen perpendicular stripes, alternate red and white, the union of the ensign bearing the arms of the United States in dark blue on a white field." The sixteen stripes represented the number of States which had been admitted to the Union at that time, and no change has been made since. Prior to 1871 it bore an eagle in the union of the pennant, which was then substituted by thirteen blue stars in a white field; but the eagle and stars are still retained in the flag. June 14, the anniversary of the adoption of the flag, is celebrated as Flag Day in a large part of the Union.

Note Not Valid.

I have a note which was given me by a citizen of North Carolina in 1903. He has failed to pay interest on this note, and I have been unable to collect it. Will you please tell me whether or not the note is still good? ANXIOUS.

The note is not valid longer than three years, unless it was secured under seal, in which case it is good for ten years.

Labor Laws.

I am working up a paper on the labor laws of the various States, and especially of the eight-hour laws. I have been unable to find anything about this law in Iowa. Will you please tell me whether or not Iowa has such a law? A READER.

The only eight-hour law on the statute books of Iowa is a law regulating the work on the public roads.

Defacing a Bank Note.

Is it lawful to burn or deface a bank note of the government. If not, what is the penalty for same? A SUBSCRIBER.

If the bank note is yours you can certainly burn it up, but if you tamper with it or in any wise change its figures you are liable to arrest for counterfeiting.

Authors' Club.

Is there an authors' association or club in Richmond? If so, kindly give me the names of its officers. S. B.

There is no club in Richmond exclusively for authors.

Repairs Charged to Landlord.

I rent a house; the house has been in very bad repair for a long time, and the landlord refuses to do anything to improve its condition, but through my persistence and the aid of the Board of Health he has done a little. When he repaired the bathroom the man cut a hole through the ceiling and through the roof; consequently, when it rains the water comes into the bathroom and goes through the floor into the dining-room below. Then again the flush leaks; it never was in good order, and naturally our water bill is increased. Whose place is it to have things put in proper order? I have already notified the landlord, and very unwisely he doesn't see the necessity of looking after his own interests. Am I allowed to have these things repaired—and they sadly need it—and charge up to the landlord, or should I pay for having them done and see him for the amount? A READER.

We doubt that you have a right to have these repairs made and charge to the landlord. This will depend upon the terms of your original lease. In the circumstances we do not think you would be justified in making repairs yourself. The best thing to do is to terminate your lease as soon as possible and go somewhere else.

KING EDWARD'S DEATH SAD BLOW TO RACING

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

ALTHOUGH King George has publicly announced his determination to keep up his father's racing stable and breeding stud, yet Edward VII.'s death is a great misfortune for the English turf; one which will be felt in every department of racing affairs. Quite a number of the principal owners of racing stables, men who have kept them up at a considerable expense from a sense of obligation to what they consider due on the part of the old aristocracy to the national sport, will now retire from the turf. They would have done so years ago, by way of protest against the introduction of the "new rich" element, which transforms into a more or less dishonest business gamble what was formerly the sport of men of birth and honor, had it not been for the persuasion of Edward VII. And now that he has gone it is doubtful whether there is any influence that will prove powerful enough to prevent them from putting into execution their intentions.

How much the turf in England depended upon the late King was best shown by the fact that when it was known that he would be present at the Newmarket meetings the latter were crowded, whereas, if his absence was assured, the attendance was absolutely nil.

King George is much fonder of riding than his father, has an infinitely better seat in the saddle, owing to the fact that he was taught riding by an Englishman, whereas Edward VII. received his instruction in equestrianism from a Hessian, selected for the purpose by the late Prince Consort. But he does not care for racing, especially for racing as now conducted, while Queen Mary is seldom or never seen on a race-course.

It is announced that the King has leased his father's racing stud to Lord Derby. This does not, however, mean that any of the horses entered for the classic events of this year will take part therein, being all disqualified by Edward VII.'s death. The Earl of Derby, who will be remembered by all those American journalists who were in South Africa as special correspondents during the Boer War as censor of the press, under the name of Lord Stanley (it was during his father's lifetime), is one of the three so-called "Catskin" Earls, the other two being the Earls of Shrewsbury and of Huntingdon. That is to say, they are the only peers of their rank whose earldoms date from before the seventeenth century, and derive this peculiar appellation, not, as some people believe, because cats' skin was used in lieu of ermine for the bars that adorn the parliamentary and coronation robes of peers, but because prior to the seventeenth century earls were privileged to wear four bars of ermine, as the marquesses do to-day, instead of the three bars, to which earls are in these present times restricted. This was described in the corrupt Franco-English of medieval times as "quatre skins," quatre being the French for "four," and which was naturally shortened into "catskins."

It is interesting to recall that Lord Derby might have been to-day occupying the throne of Greece as its ruler, in the place of King George, had not his grandfather preferred the existence and prestige of a great British noble of enormous wealth and royal ancestry (he is descended from Edward I.) to that of the monarch of a mushroom, turbulent kingdom in the Levant. For the Greeks, in the early sixties offered their crown, first of all to King Edward's sailor brother, Prince Alfred, who died as sovereign Duke of Coburg, and after that to the fourteenth Lord Derby. It was the rejection of their offer, first by Prince Alfred, and then by Lord Derby, which caused them to elect Prince William of Denmark, who now reigns as George I. Lord Beaconsfield condemned the Lord Derby of the day for declining the crown of Greece, railing at him for being utterly devoid of imagination.

Eagle and Child.

The Lords of Derby had, however, already had some experience of sovereignty, for, from the reign of Henry IV, until the death of the tenth Earl of Derby, towards the close of the reign of George III., that is to say, for over 300 years, they exercised rights of sovereignty over the Isle of Man, subject to the suzerainty of the British crown. The Earls of Derby were, in fact, styled "Kings of Man," and not long before the death of the late earl, he presented to King Victor Emmanuel who has the finest collection of rare coins in the world, a series of coins minted during the reign of the house of Stanley over the Isle of Man, and which had been discovered during the course of excavations at Castle Rushen. The sovereignty of the Island, as the

death without issue of the tenth Lord Derby, passed to the Duke of Atholl, as a descendant of Lady Amelia Stanley, youngest daughter of the seventh Lord Derby, and the succeeding Dukes of Atholl sold by degrees, not only their sovereignty, but also all the other rights in connection with the island, to the British crown, for sums estimated at near $10,000,000. The coins presented to Victor Emmanuel all bear the Derby crest, namely, the eagle and the child. This crest comes to the Stanleys along with their country seat of Knowsley Hall, through the marriage of Sir John Stanley to the daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Lathem, of Knowsley, in the county of Lancaster. According to family legend and tradition, one of the Lathom owners of Knowsley was notified one day that one of the great eagles nesting in the trees of his park had been seen carrying a child to its aery. The knight rescued the baby, which had remained quite unharmed, and which was wrapped in costly, gold-embroidered swaddling clothes of apparently foreign make. All efforts to identify the infant having failed, the Knight of Lathom and his dame, who were well advanced in years and childless, adopted the little fellow, who became heir to their property. Master of Knowsley and ancestor of the Earls of Derby. Knowsley is a magnificent place, and has been the principal home of the historic house of Stanley ever since the marriage of Sir John Stanley to the heiress of the Lathoms, in the reign of Henry IV., over 500 years ago. It was his great-grandson, Thomas Stanley, who figures so prominently in Shakespeare's "Richard III.," and whose defection from the "Crookback," as that monarch was called by reason of his deformity, practically decided the battle of Bosworth in favor of Henry of Richmond. Indeed, it was he who on the battlefield placed the crown of Richard III. upon the head of Henry VII., who in return for this gift of the English crown raised Lord Stanley to the earldom of Derby, appointing him Lord High Constable of England. This Lord Derby was twice married. His first wife was sister of the great Earl of Warwick, the King-Maker, portrayed by Bulwer Lytton as "the last of the barons," while his second wife was Margaret of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., who thus became his stepson.

Sailor Peer.

Lord Carnworth, whose engagement to Miss Maude Saville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Eden Saville, has just been announced, served for a number of years as fourth and third officer of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, and also on the White Star Line, running between New York and Liverpool. Although entitled to style himself Lord Dalzell, as the son of the Earl of Carnworth, he was content to be known merely as Ronald Dalzell, and on his father's death retired from the sea, leaving an excellent record behind him. Although chief of the ancient house of Dalzell and owner not only of the baronies of Dalzell and of Liberton, as well as a baronetcy, he is landless, owing to the fact that the vast Dalzell estates passed through marriage to Sir John Hamilton, whose descendant now bears the title of Lord Hamilton of Dalzell.

No one is able to state with any degree of certainty whether the present earl is the thirteenth or the sixteenth of his line, owing to the fact that for several generations the title was attainted, through the participation of the sixth earl in the Jacobite insurrection against George I. It was not until 100 years later that the honors were restored by act of Parliament in favor of General Robert Dalzell, who had taken part in the battle of New Orleans, where his kinsman, Captain Robert Dalzell, of the royal navy, fell in action.

The founder of the house was Thomas de Dalzell, who was one of the companions in arms of Robert Bruce, and who is on record as having sworn fealty to Edward I. in 1296. His son, Sir Robert Dalzell, obtained a grant of land in Lanarkshire of David II., and was that monarch's envoy to the court of King Haakon of Norway, for the negotiation of the settlement of some difficulty that had arisen in connection with the government of the Orkney Islands.